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MEETING PICASSO

BRASSAI: Picasso & Co. 289pp. £2 10s. *Picasso*. Graphic Works 1955-1965. Introduction by Kurt Leonhard. Biography and documentation by Hans Bolliger. 144pp. £4 4s. Thames and Hudson.

Brassai, a Hungarian from Transylvania by birth, studied at the Berlin Academy of Arts, settled in Paris and became a journalist more than forty years ago, and eventually turned himself into a photographer. His work in this idiom first came to the attention of a sophisticated public when, in 1932, he was commissioned by the publishers Tériade and Skira to photograph an extensive new series of sculptures by Picasso for the first number of the art review *Minotaure*. During the course of his work, Brassai succeeded in establishing a close and friendly relationship with the artist, who liked his photographs, and from then on was frequently to be found in his studio photographing Picasso, his family, his surroundings, his friends and his latest works. Between 1943 and 1947 Brassai was again given an assignment which necessitated frequent visits to Picasso's studio, for a Paris publisher had decided to bring out a volume covering the whole range of Picasso's sculpture from the earliest days. In 1949 a badly printed and inadequate volume finally appeared.

At the time of these later encounters, Brassai, looking to the future, developed the habit of making notes about what had been said, who had visited Picasso, and what he had seen or learnt. These notes he then stored away in a box, until one day in 1960 he returned to the studio, showed Picasso the box and was told he might turn the material into a book. This duly appeared in French in 1964 under the title *Conversations avec Picasso* (Gallimard). Now it has appeared in English, badly re-styled by some editor, with somewhat pointless and embarrassing forewords by Henry Miller and Roland Penrose, and burdened with the silly title *Picasso and Co.* A comparison of the present edition with the original shows that the translation leaves much to be desired and that the proportions of the photographs included have been drastically altered. They

have also been considerably cropped (not to their advantage) and are less well printed, with the result that much of the "atmosphere" of the originals has been dispelled. There seems to be little justification for having added reproductions of four rather inept drawings by the author. More tiresomely, the text has been haphazardly cut, the majority of the footnotes (often most informative) have been omitted, yet the errors and mis-spellings of the French edition have been left uncorrected—e.g., *Le couloir* for *Lacourrière*, *Calda* for *Monbury* for *Caldas de Monbury*, &c.

Brassai shows himself to be observant, cultivated and shrewd as he talks to Picasso and looks around the studio. He brings out a number of funny stories, and has some penetrating observations to make about many of Picasso's visitors. So far as the master himself is concerned this is a rather superficial compilation in which little is said either about his working methods or his aesthetic conceptions. Brassai, it seems, was not treated to any profound conversations. In the book's favour, however, is the fact that unlike so much which is written about Picasso today it is neither adulatory nor malicious. But then it is not really so much a book about Picasso as about the creative abilities of Brassai and his talent for repartee. Indeed, the author seems to take much pleasure in appearing to dominate every scene, and often he manages to show Picasso being deferential. This book is readable, though neither fascinating nor of permanent value.

Herr Leonhard's volume devoted to recent graphics by Picasso is the second in a series of which the first, with a text by the late Bernhard Geiser, appeared ten years ago and covered the first half of the century. This volume is in no sense a complete catalogue of Picasso's graphic output during the years under review. It contains merely a selection which is representative—115 black-and-white plates and six in colour—accompanied by a brief and unexceptionable foreword.

THE CULTURE BUSINESS

Patron. Industry Supports the Arts. Compiled and edited by Alan Osborne. Enrys William. Preface by Jennie Lee. 330pp. *The Connoisseur*. £10 10s.

About two years ago the publisher of *Esquire* spoke at a luncheon held by the New York Board of Trade on the subject of "Is Culture the Business of Business?" In the present volume saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs—or more precisely Miss Jennie Lee, Sir Enrys Williams, the late President Kennedy's adviser on the arts, the Director of the Tate Gallery, the Secretary of the Royal Academy and others—have clubbed together to answer yes. The intention is admirable; after all, the whole community could only benefit if industrialists and business men were to make more use of the great wealth of artistic talent available in the modern world. But in the event *Patron* turns out to be a bit ridiculous. The ethos and setting of *Mogul* has somehow to be reconciled with the standards of modern art, and the ensuing compromises, concessions and inconsistencies are such as to make many well-disposed readers wonder if the cost is worth while.

The fourteen distinguished contributors seem uncertain whether to butter Patron up or to address him like a five-year-old idiot. Miss Lee and Sir Enrys Williams both want him to "assist" the arts, in the former's view being "a mark of good citizenship"; Mr. Reid by contrast (in much the best-written article) insists that "patronage of the arts need not be a solemn duty" but ought rather to be what Pepsy called "mighty diverting". Mr. Brooke suggests a little unfortunately that firms may be able to get adequate portraits done for minimal fees. Professor Gustav Stein, director of the West German "Cultural Circle" discusses how that body disposes of its £45,000 a year from industry. Mr. August Hecksher, after the cryptic recommendation that the arts comprise both "a vast market to be exploited" and a major source of

employment, rather spoils the effect by telling how IBM, formerly the most lavish and purposeful of patrons, has decided to cut down on a class of expenditure which might give clients the impression that the firm was getting too rich.

The illustrations, like the arguments, are something of a mixture. Interspersed more or less haphazardly among the Ben Nicholas, Mirós and Barbara Hepworths is much characteristically awful sub academic work done for Whiteheads. Barclays Bank (whose new headquarters building should surely have been barred, together with all its works, unless such matters were to be critically discussed), the Marley Tile Co. (a mural of geese and nudes by Peter Scott), the Central Electricity Generating Board, J. Bibby and Sons Ltd., and other hard-core firms. Nor does the more "modern" art necessarily look much better: that at the London Press Exchange, for instance, or at Hoover Ltd., where pictures ascribed to "R. Lersy (French)" and "H. Strogetti (Italian)" look as if they had been supplied with the furniture. And then there are the business men's portraits. Alas, the business face, however financially inspiring, tends to be humanly uninteresting, and few of those shown here look capable of greatly stimulating a painter, even one of more sensitivity than the majority represented here, with their flatly photographic approach.

The whole selection of material is undiscriminating to an extent that must make nonsense of the book's aims. A lithograph by Paolozzi (reproduced in colour) or a dim Scottish watercolour landscape will get a page to itself while Victor Pasmore's big mural in the new Pilkingtons building at St. Helens is illustrated only in part and at the bottom of a page. The fascinating questions

that arise in the reader's mind, main undiscussed: how does the hierarchy of patronage come to contain an abstract art by one Hilda Trench called *Metamorphic* and the Perennials? What can possibly go on in the provision to give "late" of his boss? Clearly the book has not been laid out or captioned any of the contributing poets. Victor Pasmore and Bridget Riley at one point get confused; some of the names have been fishily mis-transcribed. But it is, however interesting to know of these firms actually do.

For the question that many artists is how far they are and the people buying it are incompatible and incongruous. Is it better for art to be bought by silly or discreditable men, not to be bought at all? It comes nowhere near to looking on such awkward subjects as hardly cheering to read that Kreuger and Krupp among the arts or to note how many bigger patrons are now promoting the drink, smoking and football pools. Obviously an element of conscience as well as investment, they image-building and other special considerations, in the so unquestioningly praised doubt there is genuine eye too, and sometimes an intelligent concern for the working man (though it is amazing how many sonalities even supposedly enlightened firms may have when their artists are going to spend fact if all critical have to be sacrificed in the able rush to get more "artistic" (and hence money) for the arts.

A PAINTER AT THE COURT OF HENRY VII

ROY STRONG: Holbein and Henry VIII. 75pp., 56 plates. The Paul Mellon Foundation for British Art. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 40s.

This is an elaboration of a lecture delivered in the United States in 1965, in which the author proposes a re-interpretation of the last period of Holbein's career, when the artist became court painter to Henry VIII. He considers it in the light of the most recent historical assessments of this crucial moment in our history, when Henry not only assumed supreme power over the Church as well as the State, but also, as a consequence of this, the Imperial dignity.

Holbein's art during this final stage of his brilliant career is considered against the background of propagandist activity that was afoot in support of the position of the Monarchy following the Act of Supremacy of 1534. A full exposition is given of this politico-religious propaganda disseminated by the wily Cromwell and his pamphleteers. Mr. Strong centres his discussion on that part of Holbein's work at this time which shows itself as a facet of the political scene. Holbein's major commission for the Crown was the lost wall-painting that decorated the Privy Chamber at Whitehall—destroyed as a result of the disastrous fire that swept through the Palace in January, 1698. Despite this, we know in much more than a general way what the lost masterpiece looked like from the fortunate survival of the left-hand section of the cartoon for the wall-painting showing Henry VIII and his father, and we have two copies of the whole composition painted in the second half of the seventeenth century. The author overcomes the meagreness of our knowledge about Whitehall Palace and its decoration under Henry, by considering analogous contemporary royal architectural and decorative commissions which have survived.

Mr. Strong's suggestion that two surviving pictures still in the Royal Collection, which depict events connected with Henry's meeting with Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, are Elizabethan copies of part of a series of wall paintings done at Whitehall by John Raff and much

daring conjectural reconstruction of the Privy Chamber itself and the position of Holbein's painting within it takes the evidence rather further than it warrants. It is suggested that the stone altar with the verses of *Memento Mori* character that is the focal point of attention in the copy of the mural made for Charles II is a device to overcome the space taken up by a window. The presence of the window is thought to be required by the very brief description of the wall-painting given by a seventeenth-century visitor to the palace. He is, however, not accurate about the subject-matter, and his few words about its position are capable of more than one interpretation. The claim that the Latin verses did not appear in the original and only relate to the copy is not substantiated. The use of the word *tabella*, which according to the author cannot be used of a mural painting, could have been dictated more by the requirements of scansion than by the desire to give a fully accurate description. Perhaps the most telling

objection to the reconstruction, however, is that the perspective employed in the picture makes the high platform, advocated for it very unlikely. Even if one feels that the artist has not presented an entirely convincing solution to this problem, the position of the Privy Chamber painting, there can be little doubt that he has made good use of his position of this fascinating question by bringing into it many points that illuminate the period for the first time. It is this sense of what is the most valuable about the book. Mr. Strong's pages have been to provide a general picture rather than a comprehensive one of Holbein's final years. His description of the world of Holbein, his sense of pomp and circumstance, his conclusions in every detail, his eccentric design and plates of indifferent quality.

ART TEXTS

From the *Classicalists to the Impressionists*. Selected and edited by Gilmore Holt. A documentary history of Art and Architecture of the nineteenth century. 552pp.

Mrs. Holt refers to herself as "an itinerant scholar" and freely admits that she is not "an authority on the many divergent trends and subjects in the various fields of art or on the lives of the artists of the nineteenth century". Notwithstanding, she has set about compiling an anthology of what she assumes to be the most significant theoretical and aesthetic texts by painters, philosophers, architects, sculptors and critics of the period to illustrate the basic conflict of ideas between the traditionalists, the academics and the innovators. The choice of texts covers a wide range and they are grouped under headings such as Classicism, Romanism, City Planning, The Museum, The House, Realism and Impressionism, Artist and Society. Undoubtedly Mrs. Holt has thus brought a great many indicative and useful excerpts together between the

Fiction

THE STATE OF THE UNION

ELIA KAZAN: *The Arrangement*. 445pp. Collins. 30s.  
ALLEN DRURY: *Capable of Honor*. 578pp. Michael Joseph. 35s.

Elia Kazan has stopped directing his spirited films and retired to Connecticut to write novels. This could be a mistake. Many directors have felt that their work is too popular to be really good and have worried about the reviews of quality journalists. Fellini and Bergman have made good films about their self-doubts; but Kazan has written a novel which exposes his over-respect for reviewers. An important episode involves a Hollywood man who has read, with anguish, "what *Colliers du Cinema* and *Sight and Sound* said about his films", and who therefore takes a mean revenge on a director who is "one of the chief darlings of the in-crowd". Mr. Kazan's narrator announces, as if defiantly eccentric, "I'd rather be a first-class mechanic than the editor-in-chief of the *New York Review of Books*".

Discussing household economies with his wife, he lists a large number of journals, including the *New Statesman* and *Vogue*, adding: "These are things that keep us in touch with the living world, and they'd be the last items I'd cut down. But I'd like to hear what you think: the item is \$340." The author is presumably ironical, as he is when his narrator remarks of America's most admired reviewers (Cluinan, Macdonald and Brustein): "We used to just run to get into bed and read their reviews out loud to each other." But when this narrator boasts of getting an article into the *Partisan Review* or admits modelling his appearance on that of the *New York Times* theatre-reviewer, we begin to suspect the author of reading more reviews than are good for him.

Mr. Kazan's films were more original and vital than this novel. It is fiction for the Sons of the Immigration. Almost as predictable, though much more agreeable so, as the Daughters of the Revolution. Successful men of Mr. Kazan's kind write wild novels: "What's it all for?" their heroes yell.

This world of alimony, Canadian Club and sneering W.A.S.P.s whose daughters I constantly marry? I am too tough a cookie for such ennui. My father was a fat, virile pasha—not the faggoty, wasp-waisted sun-lamp addict you all think me to be. Yet I am superior to my alien father. I know the score. I have a boring, rigid, private life. My present wife uses the world's most expensive psychiatrist. I am as husky as a truck-driver and swear more readily, despite being a middle-aged headworker. So why do I feel so bad? It can't be capitalism. I haven't been a Red since I was in knee-pants.

The narrator is an advertising man

who concentrates shamefully on protecting the cigarette image from the lung-cancer scare. This "Eddie Anderson" is of Anatolian extraction, born Evangelos Arness; his father was born Seraphim Topouzoglou. For reasons of self-respect, Eddie also writes exposures of millionaires for liberal journals, under the name of Evan Arness. One of the unconvincing things about this Greek is his deep interest in Jewishness, wondering how German Jews can bear to be survivors of the Camps; remarking that something is "without *iam*, as the Jews say"; referring to his boss, a man called Finnegan, as "Superguy"; asserting that one Manfred von Stern is really Manny Stern and that Judge Ben Winston is really Beetle Weinstein.

Eddie's wife, Florence, has got "class" and Eddie wishes he could love her; but he is so good at sex, so near to a Harold Robbins or Ian Fleming action-man doll in his potent desirability, that no pulp-reader would wish him to remain monogamous. Only poor Florence can make him impotent. He nurses, wide-eyed, about the superior honesty of his penis (for which he has many pet names) in comparison with the will or the conscience—or, rather, the *Arrangement*, which is his label for the complex of social lies in which his life is trapped. Something of Strindberg's insane power would be needed to attach credibility to this passionate dream, as he writes under the cruel plots devised by his wife and friends, burns down his father's house, destroys both his jobs, almost kills himself, lets his wife's doctor and lawyer take his money and certify him. Even Strindberg needed actors to vivify his fantasies; Elia Kazan needs "stars" of the kind he used to direct—Brando, Dean, Cliff.

All this talk about our Christian civilization. We have a business civilization. The idea is not to love your brother but to get the better of him. But we live in pretence. . . . Well, I've stopped pretending. . . . This snatch of rhetoric is at the heart of the novel; and it is the blazing sincerity characteristic of many fine artists and of many forgettable best-sellers. Elia Kazan aims high, but his narrator can sink to a low level of naivety. About a German (prewar) immigrant: "I'd come back, not too long before, from the Pacific, where I'd seen a lot of fellows die in a war that one of his countrymen had started, so I resented him immediately. Dale, who had been in London in 1941, wanted to kill Hoff on the spot. He vowed we'd get him. There seems to be no saving irony here, no recognition of the childish-

ness of such tough talk or of the feebleness of Dale's war record, ("ducking the V's, one and two"). The prejudice is thought to be normal and honourable, the narrator supposed to be exceptionally noble in overcoming it, defending the German from verbal insults at a smart party. Admittedly, there is some discussion of the absurdity of "the problems of the middle-class sensitive soul" when compared with those of aliens in India "who lived in the weather and couldn't feed their bellies". But the argument is so quickly shelved, and the particular "middle-class soul" so insensitive, that it was scarcely worth starting. Such themes, suitable starting-points for more thoughtful novels, are mere parentheses within this strenuous, energetic, but trite fiction.

Yet consideration of the world of Allen Drury in his latest *roman à clef* prompts a swift return to *The Arrangement*, with a new respect for Elia Kazan's health and vigour, a renewed understanding that, within the American context, he can honestly feel himself to be bold and original. Both novels are deeply concerned with the state of the Union, disabused with complacent "liberalism" and slightly obsessed with the power of highbrow journalists (Mr. Drury has *The In-Group Quarterly* among his imaginary enemies). But there the similarities stop. Allen Drury aims to counter dissent; his novel reads much like a witless parody of our own Peter Simple, terrified by a "left-wing establishment" which is ever playing into the hands of the Communist enemy. His president and a saving remnant of dedicated hawks are engaged in unpopular military adventures, closely resembling the realities of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic; but he is scolded by liberals, whose pack-leader is a syndicated journalist named Walter Dubious. He is a sinful proponent of disunity: he invented the expression "hawks and doves" and gave Khrushchev the friendly nickname "Mr. K.". Walter and the other villains gabble "psychotically"; the good, grey president has other adverbs, speaks the author's mind in measured tones, with quiet and ironic chuckles, grave and responsible statements. He and his aides are treated with the alarming reverence which Morris West brings to popes and cardinals. The genuine love of authority revealed in *Capable of Honor* has a smack of Caesarism about it, of sycophancy and delation, enough to repel the most sincerely right-wing of British conservatives.

LIVING ON NOTHING

R. K. NARAYAN: *The Sweet Vendor*. 192pp. Bodley Head. 21s.

"Conquer fate, and you will have conquered the self." "Why conquer the self?" "I do not know, but all our sages advise us so." Much of the wry, complacent, melancholy essence of Malgudi (a small South Indian townlet) is expressed in this opening epigram of *The Sweet Vendor*. Mr. Narayan's attention is on Jagann, an elderly sweetshop-keeper caught in a crisis of fatherhood and personal dignity. Jagann's personal habits are curiously ascetic: he has "perfected" the art of living on nothing, and his ambition is to see the application of his *magnus opus* on Nature Cure and Natural Diet. The only other object of his affection is his son, Mali, a withdrawn, intimidating youth who suddenly leaves the local college and takes himself off to the United States to finish his education.

Jagann's role is a sad one: though he finances his son's trip he does not understand its motive. Ingeniously, he gets what insights he can through go-betweens. When the lad comes back with an American-Korean bride and obscure plans to manufacture a patent story-writing machine contact becomes yet more painful and tenuous for Jagann. And when these schemes collapse ridiculously and Jagann is told the couple are not even formally married, the break is complete. Jagann succumbs to an invitation from a dubious agent and gives up what is left of his life and wealth to the upkeep of the religious grotto. He walks out on

assembled Asian varnish of it all, the human figures and situation might seem more than a little wooden. There is a hefty piece of flashback to Jagann's youth and marriage which is deplorably awkward. Beguiling as the details are, the incident could relate more tellingly to Jagann's present if it were not so much of a production number. But by this, his tenth novel, Mr. Narayan has earned the right to his own norms and personalities. He can be charming without being sugary and he tells a good story, tall but never long.

DISARMING

ALFRED COPPEL: *A Certainty of Love*. 186pp. Heinemann. 21s.

Told in lean, bitten-off American prose, this story of a not-so-young American journalist and his love for the German Elisabeth, who is in the grip of a disease none the less surely fatal for being leisurely, might sound like an occasion for an orgy of sentimentality. But Mr. Coppel's touch is sure and his insight strong and sympathetic. Gilman, the journalist, has served in the American air force during the war and has memories of brutal reprisals taken against a comrade by the Germans. He also has a failed marriage behind him when he meets Elisabeth in Lugano, where he is spending a working summer. The time is 1956. His life and wealth to the upkeep of the religious grotto. He walks out on

of German and Germany is slow to fade even in the company of the appealing, stricken Elisabeth. It does feel, though, and Mr. Coppel follows the progress of their relationship to the point where Gilman cannot do without her. All this is thoroughly convincing. At one stage Gilman goes off to report the Hungarian rising and, later, to take considerable risks in helping the refugees streaming westward. Although there are graphic scenes in this section of the novel, it is none the less an awkward interpolation. Mr. Coppel doesn't quite succeed in bringing off the difficult modulation from a mood of elegiac tenderness to a situation in which impersonal and bloody cruelty prevails.

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## THE TRIESTE PROBLEM

JEAN-BAPTISTE DUROSSELLE: *Le Conflit de Trieste 1943-1954*. 647pp. Brussels: Institut de Sociologie de l'Université Libre, Belgium fr. 1,200.

This is the third in a series of studies of conflict launched by the European centre of the Carnegie Foundation at Geneva. Its predecessors were studies of the conflicts in the Saar and between France and Morocco: Cyprus is to come. These are all conflicts following on the Second World War.

Professor Duroselle's book, which runs to nearly 600 pages, is certainly a tour de force. A tremendously elaborate account of the history of Trieste, beginning in detail in 1918 and increasing in intensity up to the moment of the agreement of 1954, is followed by a theoretical study of conflict in general, with reference to Trieste; the theoretical study ends with eight rules of bargaining. Just as the reader's endurance sags Professor Duroselle introduces the role of political personalities in the solution of a conflict. This leads him on to a fascinating comparison between the characters of Tito and De Gasperi, a comparison which is both lively and remarkably just. De Gasperi, being the less flexible leader, failed to save the Italian coastal cities of Istria on which he laid such store. When Tito at the beginning of 1953 put out feelers for a meeting with De Gasperi, the Italian refused. Professor Duroselle wonders whether a confrontation would have made any difference, but he thinks this improbable. In any case agreement was only reached after De Gasperi's resignation that July.

Professor Duroselle's impressive display of historical knowledge almost silences criticism; yet his formulation of the situation following the First World War is very slightly misleading. Yugoslavia did not so much come off badly because Italy ranked as a great power in relation to a small one. In 1918 the "triumph kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes" was a new creation; of all the

successor states this one had the worst start, with the Croats of Croatia proper—as opposed to the Croats of Dalmatia—very sceptical, and the Serbs on the whole thinking in terms only of the expansion of Serbia. It was the embryonic nature of the new Yugoslavia which provided the major cause of its being obliged to surrender so many Croats and Slovenes to Italy. Thanks then to the advent of Fascism in Italy the Yugoslav sense of grievance could perhaps scarcely have been greater, but still an exact statement of its background seems desirable.

Among many other things which are well defined by Professor Duroselle is the contrast between the Italian urban point of view and the Yugoslav sense of a decisive rural hinterland, so that the Slovenes felt that Trieste was in essence Slovene, although for many years the town of Trieste had been predominantly Italian. After showing his readers how every possible solution was considered, from a condominium to internationalization, Professor Duroselle demonstrates how the solution finally adopted, the frontier between Zones A and B, was always the most probable one. He is optimistic about its survival, quoting Janko Jurišić's book of 1961 as saying: "La balance positive des relations yougoslaves-italiennes après la solution du problème de Trieste (la coopération s'est développée spécialement vite dans le domaine économique) prouve que la solution de compromis va dans le sens de l'intérêt durable des deux pays directement intéressés." (The French text is given here to avoid a double translation.) As for Sforza having induced the tripartite declaration of the Americans, British and French in March, 1948, is Professor Duroselle's evidence complete? It is an interesting possibility, but a trick of this kind was scarcely in character.

## MEN OF IRELAND

F. X. MARTIN (Editor): *Leaders and Men of the Easter Rising*. Dublin 1916. 276pp. Methuen, 35s.

The nineteen essays, including two by the editor, in this survey of the prominent Irishmen of fifty years ago are nearly all by professional historians too young to remember the Easter Rising. They were written as talks for the Dublin Radio in one of its excellent series of Thomas Davis lectures on Irish history. They have the ease and independence this form requires, with the unavoidable drawback of repetitions where several authors are discussing different aspects of the same events. They do not provide a history of the Rising and assume familiarity with its occurrences, concentrating on the personalities involved, to evaluate their motives and influence. Much the most space is naturally given to the insurgents, the catalysts of modern Ireland who broke the constitutional mould in which nationalists, churchmen, economic reformers, officials, Anglo-Irishmen and Irish nationalists had all worked for one hundred years. This new evaluation comes with suitable detachment after a further fifty years, though the book as a whole accepts as dogma that the Rising should have "established permanently" in the editor's words, "the Irish way of looking at the vital interests of its own citizens." The men who led their country into what seemed at the time hopeless bloodshed are considered as they appeared before the myth of their apotheosis seized the popular imagination. Professor T. D. Williams, for instance, in his fair and thorough account of Bojo MacNeill speaks of Pearse as a disciple of Macchiavelli placing public interest before private morality and deliberately deceiving his supporters—apart from the small inner circle—about his intention to fight.

From all the chapters on the insurgents there emerges a clear picture of the small group of dedicated idealists, Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett, drawing support from the peaceful Gaelic League movement and from Clarendon with his revisionist Sinn Féin economics, winning

the alliance of Connolly the revolutionary socialist, and usurping command of the "physical force" men as a Military Council of the Republican Brotherhood which left the nominal Supreme Council in the dark. The emotional quasi-religious enthusiasm evoked by their heroic self-sacrifice, which their opponents called "criminal folly", postponed the social revolution for which most of their earlier supporters had been working. About the third strand in the alliance, which gained the least reward—Connolly's militant trade union—there is an excellent chapter by one of the few elder contributors, Dr. Edward MacLysaght, who writes from "vivid personal memories". Mr. Donagh MacDonagh provides a sympathetic account of the father he can hardly have known, one of the executed leaders. Thomas MacDonagh was Pearse's closest ally and like him a practical idealist; his son compares his poetic patriotism to that of Brooke and Pegu.

Professor R. S. L. Lyons writes well about the principal Parliamentary nationalists, whom the Rising eclipsed, and Mr. John H. Whyte describes how the Catholic Church, which became a chief bulwark of Free State and Republic, condemned it and was slow to turn away from the "constitutional" Home Rulers. There is a balanced account of the creators of modern Ulster, Mr. A. T. Q. Stewart writing about Craig and Professor J. C. Beckett about Carson. They show the difference in their intentions, Carson hoping to keep all Ireland in the Union, and Craig seeking security for Ulster at any cost. Mr. Stewart also gives a vivid account of Crawford, who organized the supply of guns from Germany for Craig's Volunteers.

Julliard, Paris, have published a translation of a novel by the Russian popular poet, Bulat Okudzhava, *Le Gulliver* (185pp., 15 fr.). It is largely about the poet and folk-singer's experiences during the Second World War and was originally written in 1961.

## GREEK MEETS GREEK

HARITON KORINIS: *Die politischen Parteien Griechenlands*. Die Staat auf dem Weg zur Demokratie 1821-1910. 230pp. Berlin: Karl Pöschel, DM.24.50.

The problems of underdeveloped countries newly emerging from colonial status to independence are a fashionable field of study today, but comparatively little attention is paid, at least in this country, to the similar problems of a century ago. One of the earliest examples was the creation of the new Greek kingdom as a result of the War of Independence against the Ottoman Empire in 1821. The war itself aroused great interest in Britain and western Europe, not least because of the part played in it by western philhellenes. Several of the best accounts of the war were written in English. But once the new kingdom was established, the interest of British historians (with a few notable exceptions like George Finlay and William Miller) lapsed until the political interest in Greece was revived by the First and Second World Wars. There is therefore a considerable gap in English historical writing about Greece in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The gap is naturally filled by plentiful and scholarly works in Greek, and some in other languages. German scholars have been attracted to the period, partly through interest in the Bavarian dynasty which ruled Greece from 1832 to 1862. An excellent representative of both the Greek and the German tradition of scholarship is Mr. Hariton Korinis, who writes in German though his name proclaims his Greek origin. British students of modern Greek history will be grateful to him for the thorough research which has gone into *Die politischen Parteien Griechenlands*, for which there is no substitute (and now need not be any) written in English. His dispassionate objectivity also deserves praise, though it does not entirely conceal a slight leaning towards the liberal cause.

The period covered by Mr. Korinis's book is from 1821 to 1910; that is to say, from the outbreak of the war of independence to the emergence of the great Cretan statesman Eleftherios Venizelos on the political stage in Athens. His main theme is the evolution of the political party system, in which the distinguishes three phases. There was first the phase of the foreign-orientated parties—the English, the French and the Russian—which took their cue from one or other of the three protecting powers (1825-35). This phase was ended by the Crimean War, in which the pro-

tecting powers were arrayed on each other and the Greeks on the losing side. There followed a period in which a multitude of party leaders, separated not by policy but merely by the date of power (1835-82). Then came the success of Charilaos Trikoupi, the principle that he must share in the leadership of the majority (1882-1910).

Trikoupi is undoubtedly a dominant figure in Greek history before the era of Venizelos. He was the son of the historian, Konstantinos Trikoupi, who had been secretary to the Earl of Derby and pronounced the royal coronation by Byron's death in 1826, before becoming a leading diplomatist in London and abroad. He was a liberal, a democrat, a Greek abroad to his own representatives, the Trikoupi first entered Greek politics for the London embassy in 1863. He so dominated the scene for a generation that he was only defined by his policy as the opposite of whatever Trikoupi posed. "He was the first party whose party survived his death, precedent matched by his successors."

No other personality enjoyed the same clarity and vigour as Korinis's book. But he is a study with something valuable—a detailed survey of economic and social history, which will not readily be found elsewhere. The statistics of agricultural land, trade and industry are carefully compiled from local and unofficial sources. He also includes useful tables summarizing results of all the general elections in the period, analyses of successive administrative and political systems of election. A particularly illuminating chapter, covering the effect of the public ballot on the method of political alliance, mentions Mr. Korinis is to be commended for an able and useful work of scholarship, which is likely to be superseded in any European language.

## TORPOR AT ANGKOR?

BERNARD PHILIPPE GROSlier: *Indochina*. Translated by James Hogarth. 283pp. Frederick Muller, £3 10s.

This translation of M. Groslier's *Indochine* (Geneva, 1966) appears in England when Londoners have just had an opportunity to see a magnificent exhibition of rare Thai and Khmer sculpture at the galleries of Messrs. Roland, Browse and Delbonco. It could not be better timed. Those who are curious to know more about these civilizations which produced such delicate bronzes and powerful sandstone statues will find this book an easy, yet expert, introduction.

It is a notable book for many reasons, but particularly for the controversial approach of the author, who is curator of monuments at Angkor in Cambodia. "Were it not for the title of this series," he writes in the *Archaeologia Mundi* series—"we should have been tempted to suggest as our conclusion that the archaeology of Indochina does not yet exist, except perhaps in the field of prehistory." He lambasts his predecessors in the field of Cambodian archaeology, and says that complacent torpor existed at Angkor between the wars, albeit with notable exceptions. An ancient divergence of views between the late Georges Groslier—the present author's father—and M. Georges Coedès is re-enacted with a vengeance.

M. Bernard Philippe Groslier accuses M. Coedès of attributing views to him which he never held. This is certainly the stuff to give the troops. Other distinguished heads also fall. The late Henri Parmentier's elaborate descriptions and plans of ancient Khmer (Cambodian) monuments are dismissed by implication as not giving a complete or even an adequate idea of their subject. The plan of that famous temple, the Bayon, which has been

perpetuated in writings about Angkor for years, is apparently three-quarters wrong. M. Coedès is taken to task again for using the word "exhaustive" about an archaeological inventory. The author is not in this instance attacking the good faith of M. Coedès, nor, let it be said, does he quote the right page-number of the correct edition of M. Coedès's book. M. J.-Y. Cléty is ridiculed for remarking that scientific excavations take an inconveniently long time. Time and physical hardship worked against M. Groslier's forerunners. M. Coedès was assassinated, General de Beylie was drowned, and in another part of the report quoted against M. Cléty we may read for good measure that he was "grèvement blessé par un fou".

M. Groslier's bellicosity is a cause for tears. So much has been discovered by him that his spleen of general books (this is the third) threatens to divert him from the need which he himself admits is the most pressing—of results. It is a pity, too, that these general books, each one admirable, find a ready market in English-speaking countries, while M. Groslier's most important book to date, *Angkor et le Cambodge au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle d'après les documents portugais et espagnols* (Paris, 1958) remains untranslated.

Like his father before him, M. Bernard Philippe Groslier has colossal ambitions for Cambodian archaeology. In this book he announces that he has just completed a list of Khmer bronzes. His plans for the future include the completion of palace-botanical maps of the Angkor area showing, century by century, what was cultivated there. The excavation of a prehistory site at

Mimot, he tells us, yielded 1,000 stone objects and more than 20,000 sherds. His own photograph of this excavation taken in 1962 shows the grand scale of the work undertaken as well as the brilliant red earth of that region, which clings so persistently to clothing and skin. Certain of the newly discovered ceramics illustrated here are disappointing. It is difficult to go into rhapsodies about a small elephant-shaped pot when compared with the brick reliefs of Prasat Kravan also illustrated. The Khmer genius did not turn itself towards producing great pottery. There was no need, so long as the riches of the Angkor kingdom might be spent in importing celadons from China. M. Groslier relates the Chinese export ware found at Angkor to specimens from elsewhere in South-east Asia.

The discovery of Indochina by the west has interested M. Groslier for some time. He attributes the origin of the term "Indochina" itself to a Scot, John Leyden, and the correct analysis of Angkor Wat's cosmic symbolism to another Scot, John Thomson. On the question of who rediscovered Angkor for the western world, which was the subject of a recent comment in these columns (March 30, p. 265), M. Groslier says that the French naturalist Henri Mouhot revealed to the world the city which had been thought to be lost for ever.

Mr. James Hogarth has faithfully translated the French text, which is nevertheless a little monotonous. Incidentally, M. Groslier writes of Burma, Vietnam, and other countries in this book besides Cambodia and Thailand. In his next book, already announced in the *Archaeologia Mundi* series, he will tackle Indochina.

## CHINESE MYTHS

RAYMOND DAWSON: *The Chinese Chameleon*. An analysis of European conceptions of Chinese civilization. 235pp. Oxford University Press. 42s.

Western views of China, as Mr. Dawson shows in this enlightening and readable survey, generally tell us more about their exponents than their object; and despite the wealth of useful information on China gathered by western observers over the centuries the prevalent images tend to mislead, at times grotesquely. Thus Marco Polo's mixture of fact and fantasy has been far more influential right up to modern times in the forming of both popular and scholarly views of traditional China than the more accurate and often more interesting accounts of sixteenth-century and later travellers. It is only in the past few months that Mao Tse-tung has become as well known in Britain as Fu Manchu, and the distinction is not always clearly made.

Mr. Dawson examines the most important Chinese myths from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries, dealing rather briefly with the twelfth. Late medieval travellers from western Europe were impressed with China's wealth and the potential trade openings, and their image of her Mongol rulers was tinted by their hopes of finding an ally to attack Islam from the east: thus the Khun's willingness to attend Christian ceremonies was misinterpreted as a sign

of grace, and the savagery of the Mongols in central Europe and elsewhere was played down. Like all powerful myths it was founded on aspects of the truth and gave quite the wrong impression.

The Jesuits were the first Europeans to have something deeper than a superficial understanding of China's culture. Matteo Ricci and his successors were so fond of neo-Confucianism and the stability of Chinese society by comparison with post-Reformation Europe that they leant over backwards to reconcile Confucian thought with Christian teaching. Their picture of China played an important part in the intellectual history of Europe, supplying ammunition to the enemies of reaction and the value of this contribution was no less for its being a pretification of the realities of Chinese politics. Not until the nineteenth century did the Jesuit legend give way to the view of a tiresome and fawning people put out by Protestant missionaries frustrated in their efforts to awaken China to the light. The changing myth was also affected by the rapid progress of the west. When the conquering west met with resistance the Yellow Peril was born, a phantom threat unconsciously

designed to justify the aggression of the rich white nations. These and many other images of China formed either by the interaction of Chinese reality and the subjective needs of the observer or else almost purely from the imagination, live on in the minds of all of us, whether China "experts" or not. Red dragon nonsense goes alongside poet-painter-philosopher-scholar whimsy; China is still all too often presented as earthly paradise or hell. One may wonder whether Mr. Dawson is justified in attributing ignorance of China to the shortage of academic study of the country. Scholarly mythmaking on China is all too common, and looks the more plausible for being footnoted. The non-academic, something does a much better job. The Chinese equation of the sage, the Confucian who writes about the timeless wisdom of his people does not help understanding either; and the foreign language publications of the Chinese government can be tiresomely overfull of national self-praise. But even though these aspects of mythmaking are not dealt with in this book it remains a useful analysis of the subject, rounded off in an appendix with a selection of western views of China.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

JOHN LOSING BUCK, OWEN L. DAWSON and YUAN-LI WU: *Food and Agriculture in Communist China*. 171pp. Pail Mall for the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace. 45s.

China's ability to grow enough food to keep pace with her rising population, and also to increase her earnings from agricultural exports, constitutes the most important single question-mark hanging over the future of one-quarter of humanity. We know very little about the basic facts of Chinese agriculture, and any analysis at the level of seriousness which these three American writers claim must be warmly welcomed. Unfortunately this is not a joint product of these three scholars, although they have each read and criticized their colleagues' individual contributions. Professor Yuan-Li Wu introduces the book and provides a chapter on the general economics of Chinese farming under the communists. Like his collaborators,

he is somewhat pessimistic, and he agrees with Mr. Buck's argument, set out at length in this volume, that the official Chinese statistics have been grossly exaggerated for a number of reasons. Briefly, he asserts that the communists use a base figure of 1949 production which understates the position for that year, and that in the late 1950s there was a built-in exaggeration factor affecting the statistical services. But Mr. Buck is probably too sweeping in his discussion of the "severe downward trend" in grain harvests since 1958, and he does not adduce evidence for his claim that production varies inversely with the lack of incentive. His picture of the peasant who gets the best out of the land if he is only left alone to get on with

it would seem an over-romantic idealization. Mr. Dawson, the third collaborator, discusses the position of fertilizer supply and irrigation developments. He concludes that it is "impossible" for China to produce and distribute the amount of chemical fertilizer needed on her farms over the next decade. No one would dispute the crying need for more fertilizer than the Chinese government can provide its farmers with, but the supply is now at least very much greater than ever before, and it seems to be increasing year by year (through a combination of imports and domestic production). It would seem unwarranted to attribute shortfalls in food production to this single factor alone.

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## WORLD-BUILDING

RICHARD POIRIER: *A World Elsewhere. The Place of Style in American Literature.* 257pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

"The most interesting American books," Richard Poirier claims at the beginning of this delicately argued, lucid and important study, "are an image of the creation of America itself, of the effort, in the words of Emerson's Orphic poet to 'Build therefore your own world.' And he goes on to argue that the major American writers have worked in the area where the world of a literary creation becomes distinct: they have sought to create a universe of freedom within the field of 'style' itself, by pursuing tropes and structures where consciousness can explore its powers. Attempting to triumph over that conditioning in society, custom and biological or environmental determinism which might limit the action and vision of their heroes, they have tried to expand the selfhood of those heroes even when this means displacing the existing environments of the world. And to see how they have done this, Mr. Poirier says, we need to look very exactly at 'style', recognizing those persuasive methods by which the world elsewhere, an alternative visionary environment, is built.

The argument turns, then, on an extension of the now familiar thesis that American literature has been distinguished by a deep strain of neo-symbolism, a capacity for vision, metaphysics and hieroglyph, a profound dependence on the imagined world and its primacy over the real. The strain has been discerned by identifying it in terms of a genre (Richard Chase's *romance*), an aesthetic (Charles Feidelson's *symbolism*), or a myth (Leslie Fiedler's *gothic*). Mr. Poirier objects that most of these definitions describe the tradition in such a way as to ignore the particulars of construction and persuasion which permit such categories to be conceived. By posing the problem as a matter of style, we may then see the process by which a writer creates through language an environment in which his inner consciousness may freely express itself, a temporary universe where metaphysics, eccentricity, disorder and visionary expansion of consciousness may thrive.

The metaphor Mr. Poirier turns to is an architectural one; in American life, and hence in American writing, there is a new freedom to construct—to build houses, invent communities, create an environment for the ideal self. But such methods of creation are threatened by the fact that language itself is a convention and so limits vision and contemplation while at the same time enforcing reality, a reality which many American novelists surrender to rather than grow with. To sustain this part of the case, Mr. Poirier establishes, like other critics before him, the view that in conceiving of time, place and society as exigency American writers differ radically from English ones, for whom social and natural inclinations can be brought into union through publicly accredited language. And because for American writers such resolutions cannot be achieved without returning their poet-heroes into prison, he postulates a kind of intrinsic area of the non-achieved in American literature, a purity of vision that cannot finally be given because it is sheerly contemplative, beyond dialogue and demonstration, or because it is incapable of enactment in the field of the real to which language returns us.

The whole book is notable for its elegance, acuteness and fine discriminations, and it scrupulously modifies the familiar thesis; what is more, in the discussion of particular authors and books (notably on *Huckleberry Finn*, late James Dreiser and Edith Wharton) it produces analyses so brilliant as to disturb many critical orthodoxies. At the same time the frequency of the reservations and modifications here made might warn us that there is something insecure about the initial thesis, however much it is modified from the cruder, earlier variants. For what Mr. Poirier starts from is the primacy of the pure vision. So with *Huckleberry Finn*, despite his excellent reservations about reading the novel as an extra-social work with a meretricious ending, he finds its core in a "consciousness" which expands within the environment "provides"—whereas it could be argued that *Twain* was never committed to the primacy of that vision anyway. An adept analysis of the style of Emerson's "Nature" also finally turns on the point that it has a gentility of presentation inadequate for the intentions; somehow the language is an environment hostile to a vision which Mr. Poirier is able to adumbrate from the text.

The problem of such an approach is not simply its intentional fallacy, but rather its way of hypothesizing a vision which is, in almost every work under discussion, never adequately represented, because literary language cannot contain the order of intensity so profoundly sought, in Mr. Poirier's view, in American writing. "Style" persistently becomes not the enabling but the limiting environment. The book repeatedly suggests that it is in the extra-social scenes or in moments of intense contemplation, vision or moral independence, that the language provides most of the "exotic and unforgettable life" of the works he discusses. He gives all credit to the processes of limitation, but since the test they must meet is repeatedly that of the union of vision and social reality achieved in English works like *Emma*, the neo-symbolist tendency of the book is itself seen to be a vision, or myth that seems somehow to suffuse a work but which the right execution (as in the *Deerslayer* novels and *Huckle Finn*) ironically makes style into an implement of destruction.

The fact remains that this is a paradox that students of American literature must repeatedly encounter, and Mr. Poirier takes us much further into the debate than we have gone before. But he does this by an oddity of method. As his emphasis on style might suggest, he is superbly good at close-reading of texts; and in the course of the book one encounters probably the best elucidations of *Emma*, *Huckle Finn* and *Sister Carrie* in print. Rightly resisting the temptations of myth-criticism, which tends to abstract structures from their context, he favours a close attentiveness to that context. And yet the context does not satisfy: we discern by reading Cooper something greater in his vision than in his execution; and so the extreme sophistication of Mr. Poirier's critical method does not finally resolve the dilemma the dilemma deriving from our critical instinct that art can have a yearning, visionary intensity that takes us even beyond the limitations of language itself into some sublime reality of special occasions. These occasions—moments of purely contemplative vision, romantic awe before the sublime, solitary natural consciousness, or muteness and silence before an appalling environment invite us towards a symbolist approach. Mr. Poirier sees an alternative in a rigorous critical realism, but ironically the vision and not the conditioning of language and structure impresses him most; he remains a symbolist-idealist at heart.

## POST-REVOLUTIONARY

KATHERINE HUNTER BLAIR: *A Review of Soviet Literature.* 174pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d. (Paperback). An Ampersand Book. Allen and

prising that Mrs. Hunter Blair should take a charitable and, indeed, favourable view of socialist realism. Her argument is that it is, strictly speaking, in the "real" Russian tradition. The trouble, however, as she shows, is that socialist realism was made to degenerate into a primitive, functional, propagandist and essentially false literary genre under the intellectual tyranny of Stalin and Zhdanov.

With the exception of the war years which were, intellectually, freer than either the 1930s or the last years of Stalin, the whole period from 1930 to 1954 was very nearly, though not entirely, a literary desert. Even in this desert there were a few little oases; thus Mrs. Hunter Blair points to the remarkable fact that, even with the Stalin tyranny at its height, it was still possible to write good children's books and reminiscences of childhood and adolescence—as, for example, the first part of Mr. Paus-tovsky's delightful autobiography.

The greater part of her book is, however, devoted to the past ten years of Soviet literature. She regards—somewhat exaggeratedly—Ehren-burg's *The Thaw*, published in 1954, as the beginning of a new and happier era. "Although she is fully aware of the numerous restrictions under which the writers have to work," she believes that *la vérité est en marche*, and that the third, and fourth, generation of writers are gradually weaning down, if not actually breaking down, the official barriers, with the full support of what she calls "public opinion". She naturally believes that

linguage itself is a convention and so limits vision and contemplation while at the same time enforcing reality, a reality which many American novelists surrender to rather than grow with. To sustain this part of the case, Mr. Poirier establishes, like other critics before him, the view that in conceiving of time, place and society as exigency American writers differ radically from English ones, for whom social and natural inclinations can be brought into union through publicly accredited language. And because for American writers such resolutions cannot be achieved without returning their poet-heroes into prison, he postulates a kind of intrinsic area of the non-achieved in American literature, a purity of vision that cannot finally be given because it is sheerly contemplative, beyond dialogue and demonstration, or because it is incapable of enactment in the field of the real to which language returns us.

The whole book is notable for its elegance, acuteness and fine discriminations, and it scrupulously modifies the familiar thesis; what is more, in the discussion of particular authors and books (notably on *Huckleberry Finn*, late James Dreiser and Edith Wharton) it produces analyses so brilliant as to disturb many critical orthodoxies. At the same time the frequency of the reservations and modifications here made might warn us that there is something insecure about the initial thesis, however much it is modified from the cruder, earlier variants. For what Mr. Poirier starts from is the primacy of the pure vision. So with *Huckleberry Finn*, despite his excellent reservations about reading the novel as an extra-social work with a meretricious ending, he finds its core in a "consciousness" which expands within the environment "provides"—whereas it could be argued that *Twain* was never committed to the primacy of that vision anyway. An adept analysis of the style of Emerson's "Nature" also finally turns on the point that it has a gentility of presentation inadequate for the intentions; somehow the language is an environment hostile to a vision which Mr. Poirier is able to adumbrate from the text.

The problem of such an approach is not simply its intentional fallacy, but rather its way of hypothesizing a vision which is, in almost every work under discussion, never adequately represented, because literary language cannot contain the order of intensity so profoundly sought, in Mr. Poirier's view, in American writing. "Style" persistently becomes not the enabling but the limiting environment. The book repeatedly suggests that it is in the extra-social scenes or in moments of intense contemplation, vision or moral independence, that the language provides most of the "exotic and unforgettable life" of the works he discusses. He gives all credit to the processes of limitation, but since the test they must meet is repeatedly that of the union of vision and social reality achieved in English works like *Emma*, the neo-symbolist tendency of the book is itself seen to be a vision, or myth that seems somehow to suffuse a work but which the right execution (as in the *Deerslayer* novels and *Huckle Finn*) ironically makes style into an implement of destruction.

The fact remains that this is a paradox that students of American literature must repeatedly encounter, and Mr. Poirier takes us much further into the debate than we have gone before. But he does this by an oddity of method. As his emphasis on style might suggest, he is superbly good at close-reading of texts; and in the course of the book one encounters probably the best elucidations of *Emma*, *Huckle Finn* and *Sister Carrie* in print. Rightly resisting the temptations of myth-criticism, which tends to abstract structures from their context, he favours a close attentiveness to that context. And yet the context does not satisfy: we discern by reading Cooper something greater in his vision than in his execution; and so the extreme sophistication of Mr. Poirier's critical method does not finally resolve the dilemma the dilemma deriving from our critical instinct that art can have a yearning, visionary intensity that takes us even beyond the limitations of language itself into some sublime reality of special occasions. These occasions—moments of purely contemplative vision, romantic awe before the sublime, solitary natural consciousness, or muteness and silence before an appalling environment invite us towards a symbolist approach. Mr. Poirier sees an alternative in a rigorous critical realism, but ironically the vision and not the conditioning of language and structure impresses him most; he remains a symbolist-idealist at heart.

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## YORUBA

G. J. AGULABI OJO: *Yoruba Culture.* 303pp. University of Ife and University of London Press. 30s. Yoruba Palaces. 110pp. University of London Press. 12s. 6d.

The Yoruba are one of the great peoples of Africa and one of the three main constituent nations in Nigeria. The first of Dr. Ojo's books approaches their description through a geographer's idea of "culture", rather than through a literary, artistic or (as generally understood) anthropological one. While his approach perhaps differs relatively least from the last of these, it does so noticeably by including with the idea of culture a great deal more of the physical environment than even ecologically-minded anthropologists have been ready to do. For Dr. Ojo the landscape is part of the "culture", not merely the processes whereby human beings modify it. This view can of course be judged to be a specialist redefinition of the term in order to accommodate the geographer's preoccupation with maps and charts. As used by Dr. Ojo of his people, however, it seems rather to express something of the Yoruba's own view of their world. "To complain of having no cudge during a duel which arises in the forest is preposterous," says a Yoruba proverb. A Yoruba forest, says Dr. Ojo, is littered with potentially cudge. Hunters use them all the time. Trees do not drop branches but cudsels for a Yoruba. The author does not pursue all the implications of this rather modern view of culture. Indeed he is weakest when he comes to consider Yoruba belief in a formal way.

This book is, however, in other ways remarkably successful. The maps and diagrams are used to telling cumulative effect. For example, while on the subject of hunting, Dr. Ojo slips in a statistical table on the present-day distribution of double-barrelled shot-guns in Yoruba provinces. Or, after adding that hunters are no longer the frontiersmen of the Yoruba, but that night-guards in towns are recruited from their ranks, he gives us a distribution of paid town night-guards, "compiled from the payment vouchers of the respective District Councils". The

## TRIBAL FEELINGS AND PERSONAL AMBITIONS

SIR REX NIVEN: *Nigeria.* 268pp. Ernest Benn. 37s. 6d.

Something better might have been expected from this author, who had a long and successful career in Nigeria, and has already written some good books. Part I gives a general description of the country, the early history of the different regions, and later events up to the military coup of 1966. Part II deals with specific subjects: economics (with an appendix of statistics), education, health, administration and others. As Sir Rex admits in his introduction there is overlapping and a reader with little knowledge of the country would probably find the story confusing.

There are also a number of errors of fact, and although some are of little importance it is difficult to excuse them. For example (page 39), the Southern Cameroons was not "given to Great Britain"; it was placed under mandate and later under trusteeship, and it never (page 234) "belonged to Nigeria". Again (pages 67 and 220), Lord Lugard, as he later became, was not "sent out to command the Royal Niger Company's constabulary in 1897"; he went to Nigeria in that year to raise and command an Imperial force, paid for by the United Kingdom Government.

Part II of the volume is the better half. There are interesting accounts of the natural economy and of industrial developments in recent years: of the problems of transport and education; of indigenous art; and of health. Local government is fully discussed and the author writes:

There are endless arguments about the virtues and defects of Native Administration, or Indirect Rule as it is so obscurely called, but whatever the theories might be in this respect the practical contribution made by them to the development of the vast and extremely remote areas of the North of Nigeria can never be over-estimated. Sir Rex believes, as do others who know the country, that the people of Nigeria are profoundly democratic at heart and by nature, and that in the control of village affairs "democracy reigns supreme".

The chapter on the central Government and the work of the residents and district officers, sometimes in remote areas of the country, gives an impressive account of British administration. It is, as the author says, a striking fact that at no time did white troops ever take part in any military action in the interior of Nigeria, although there were landings by naval parties on the coast. He draws attention to the small numbers of men available to perform the multifarious duties required of them and says that the Hausa name for the residents could be translated as "the putters-right of the world", which, he suggests, is not a bad summary of their functions.

Nigeria has had more constitutions in fewer years than most countries in the world and these are referred to in a separate chapter, and there is an appendix setting out the latest apportionment of seats for legislation as between the federal Parliament and the regional legislatures.

Perhaps the most useful chapter to those not familiar with Nigerian politics is that on the political parties which struggle for power and are generally referred to by initials. The parties are almost entirely tribal in spite of efforts made to widen their fronts and attract members of other tribes. Thus the Northern Peoples' Congress (NPC) is composed mainly of Hausa-speaking people, the Action Group is almost entirely Yoruba, while the National Council

## U.N. AND THE CONGO

CHORUS MARTELLI: *Experiment in World Government. An account of the United Nations Operation in the Congo 1960-1964.* 244pp. Johnson Publications. 35s.

Mr. Martelli is highly critical of the United Nations Congo operation. He is also highly critical of the way in which the U.N. is concerned with the "colonial" question, for which he argues, there is "no reason... in common sense or justice". Many who agree with the author in criticizing the way in which the U.N. handled the Congo will not go along with him in his general criticisms, but what he has to say on the Congo is certainly worthy of close attention.

His standpoint is not a popular one. He feels that secessionist Katanga under Mr. Tshombe was right. He argues that the U.N. saw their role in the Congo as being to wage a war rather than to preserve peace, and that in the process they took sides in internal politics instead of standing outside them. For example, discussing the Tananarive conference of Congolese leaders, Mr. Martelli mentions that this was the first occasion on which leaders of all but one of the parties in the Congo had been able to reach even temporary agreement and adds: "And yet the United Nations behaved as though nothing had happened: the decisions of the conference were brushed aside as if of no significance." In their dealings with Mr. Tshombe, the author argues, the U.N. acted in bad faith.

All this is not fashionable, and it is certainly not going to endear Mr. Martelli to most African leaders. Nevertheless, he has stated a carefully reasoned case.

## KIKUYU

CARL G. ROSBERG, JR. and JOHN NOTTINGHAM: *The Myth of "Mau Mau": Nationalism in Kenya.* 427pp. Pull Mull Press. £2 15s.

Was the Mau Mau movement in Kenya an "atavistic escape from modernity", a quasi-religious excess, or was it something completely different? The traditional European view of the movement stresses the atavism and the hysteria. The European approach to Mau Mau, apart from its specifically military aspects, was consistent with this interpretation: Mau Mau was a form of sickness which had to be purged in the rehabilitation centres.

Mr. Rosberg and Mr. Nottingham see things quite differently. In their view "preoccupation with the ritual and traditional aspects of the oath-taking procedure obscured the deeper significance of the oaths as an organizational weapon in a context of mass mobilization". Mau Mau, in short, was essentially a major element in the nationalist movement, an element in which the absolute commitment symbolized in the act of taking a secret oath became "the critical factor in the extraordinary strength of militant nationalism".

In arguing their thesis the authors have delved years back into the history of white settlement in Kenya, tracing in detail the development of European political power, examining the kind question which is crucial to any understanding of nationalist feelings among the Africans, and particularly the Kikuyu, in Kenya—and underlying what appears in retrospect to have been the extraordinary insensitivity of the Kenya administration to African aspirations. How, for instance, could Sir Philip Mitchell as Governor have told Jomo Kenyatta, returned to Kenya after years in Britain, that he should take part in his local Native Council rather than, as he wished, play an active role in national affairs? How could he thus ignore the standing and the educational background which even then marked Kenya's future president as an outstanding figure?

The reason, according to the authors of this book, was that Mitchell rejected the validity of African nationalism and saw in the activities of African politicians a threat to the smooth running of his administrative rule and the slow evolution towards the multi-racial community.

And later: May 1951 was a turning point, and the insensitivity of the Government to African political demands was a contributing factor to a rapidly developing crisis.

Looking back in the light of subsequent events—and particularly taking into account the emergence at independence of Kenya as a widely respected and genuinely national leader—the Rosberg-Nottingham view of Mau Mau makes more sense than the traditional interpretation. We need not be surprised, however, that the traditional view developed, nor that it persisted so long. Given the circumstances of Kenya's "European" history and the type of society which had developed in the colony, it was inevitable that before independence all parties had a simple task to attack the British administration and accuse it of every kind of incompetence and ignorance—but never of corruption—and to clamour for self-government. There were not then, and are not now, any real divergences of policies between the parties. Tribal feelings and personal ambitions seem of greater importance.

The authors are strongly, at times perhaps unreasonably, critical of the British role over the years but whatever one may think of some of their conclusions, they have marshalled an impressive volume of facts. The result is probably the most important study so far produced of the significance, as distinct from the details, of Mau Mau.

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## LEAPS AND PLUNGES

ANNE SEXTON: *Live or Die*. 90pp. Oxford University Press. 25s.  
 JAMES DICKY: *Poems 1957-1967*. 299pp. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press. \$6.95.  
 DONALD JUSTICE: *Night Light*. 77pp. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press. \$4.00. (Paperback, \$1.85.)  
 JAMES TATE: *The Lost Pilot*. Foreword by Dudley Fitts. 72pp. Yale University Press. 28s. (Paperback, 9s. 6d.)

Anne Sexton's *Selected Poems* (1964) gave British readers the chance to see how a poet who worked almost exclusively under the shadow of Robert Lowell could nevertheless have insights and excellences of her own. Mrs. Sexton's new book inclines more towards the final blaze of Sylvia Plath's *Priest Poems*. What is shared, among other things, is the sense of euphoric vertigo at the prospect of death, the gully concern with a dead parent (Sylvia Plath's father, Mrs. Sexton's mother), the slightly off apophthegms; compare Sylvia Plath's

O high-riser, my little loaf  
 with Mrs. Sexton's  
 O tiny mother,  
 you too?  
 O funny duchess I  
 O blonde thing I  
 and Robert Lowell's  
 O my petite I

In *Live or Die* one finds not so much a confrontation with a mad world as a fascination with the paraphernalia of temporary madness: the mental hospitals, the doctors, the nurses, the drugs, the excited toying with the possibility of suicide. Thus Mrs. Sexton's "The Addict" inevitably suggests a comparison with Sylvia Plath's "Lady Lazarus":

Don't they know  
 that I promised to die I  
 I'm keeping in practice.  
 I'm merely staying in shape.  
 The pills are a mother, but better,  
 every color and as good as sour balls  
 I'm on a diet from death.  
 Yes, I admit  
 it has gotten to be a bit of a habit—  
 blows eight at a time, sock in the eye,  
 hauled away by the pink, the orange,  
 the green and the white goodnight  
 I'm becoming something of a chemical  
 mixture.  
 That's it!

The trick is catching. Mrs. Sexton's insistent, hectically bright monologues nag fretfully for attention.

Their openness is sometimes muddled with enthusiasm, as in "A Little Underneath Hymn" and "Sylvia's Death", which is in fact an almost envious loving outburst at Sylvia Plath's suicide. It is impossible to read these poems without sensing a seething mass of self-indulgence behind them; not self-pity, certainly, for the attention they ask is not pity but something like the gasp or shock the exhibitionist demands and expects. If we do not gasp, if we are not shocked, then we are left with little else.

Such a comment might seem to be severe moral condemnation, not far from our ancestors' whipping of Bedlamites; but that is not the point. Mrs. Sexton's title implies very well what her dilemma is, and suggests that she knows what she is doing: it is taken from an early draft of Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, where the whole sentence reads: "Live or die, but don't poison everything". When she turns outward from her habitual solipsism, she can sometimes be extremely powerful and even original, as in "Somewhere in Africa", an elegy for a dead teacher which has a formal grace unequalled elsewhere. But Mrs. Sexton's poison is too sweet, an ingratiating liquid. The fact that it is self-administered does not turn the poems into heroic, Brutus-like soliloquies, and there is little evidence to account for the final lift with which the last poem in the book ends:

I say *Live, Live* because of the sun,  
 the dream, the excitable gift.

Such affirmation, heartening though it is, seems too easily said, after the mercurial leaps and plunges that have preceded it. Many of Mrs. Sexton's new poems are arresting, but such naked psyche-baring makes demands which cannot always be met. Confession may be good for the soul, but absolutism is not the poet's job, nor the reader's either.

James Dickey's poetic voice is as insistent as Anne Sexton's, but without her edginess. It goes on longer, too: there is another kind of self-indulgence in the sheer sprawl of many of these poems, and some of them might have been expressly written to be read aloud to rapt university audiences from coast to coast of the United States (Mr. Dickey is reputedly one of the most successful of those poets who travel what is called the circuit). Incantatory, rhetorical, using typographical spacing to mark the emphatic pauses and stresses, there is little feeling of pressure behind this work. Even the poems about war memories have the bland, well-fed air of a man telling

an anecdote that no longer has much power to hurt. In the earlier poems here Mr. Dickey generally uses a three-stress, sometimes a four-stress, unrhymed line, with stanzas that appear to have no point other than a visual one: stanza-breaks seem to occur arbitrarily. The later poems, typified by "Falling", a six-page effusion on the fall of an airplane, attempt to move, and go to lunatic lengths. The poems are Faulkner's, and back again to Mississippi. His language included the usual things—sadness, frustration ("marble-bound"), and a terrible facility. *The Marble Faun* is album verse yearning to be King Lear.

The best that can be said for the later volume, *A Green Bough* (1963), is that it has a few poems which are a good deal better than anything in *The Marble Faun*. The Keatsian son-

net, like the chestnut-templed by Statius's melting on the road, follows his mother's line. As Mr. Ponge says, "the ultimate questions" for which the book's blurb supplies Mr. Dickey's answer are not to be solved with such broad and slovenly gestures. "The Shark's Parlour", a detailed account of shark-fishing, has a dense violence which is gripping simply because the described details are gripping; but given the insubstantial matter of many of the other poems, attention is easily distracted. Mr. Dickey has a talent, certainly, but one cannot endorse Wesleyan University Press's brash proliferation of such adjectives as "major" and "great" or the impertinent suggestion that he is a big man writing big poems. The fact that Mr. Dickey is 6ft. 3in. is a matter for his tailor.

Donald Justice is witty, gentle, sophisticated, a quiet recorder of the pathetic and the inconsequential. The poems in *Night Light* are undemanding notations; and if they get no louder applause than that, it is because they do not seem to expect it, unlike Mr. Dickey's more *bravura* efforts. James Tate uses some lines from a Donald Justice poem as an epigraph to one of his own, and he can indeed be seen as following, with even gayer inconsequence, the example Mr. Justice sets in "Dreams of Water" and "Poem to be Read at 3 a.m.". But Mr. Tate's own title poem, "The Lost Pilot", an elegy for his father killed during the Second World War, shows that in his early twenties he has gifts which may come to something more.

## FAULKNER AS POET

WILLIAM FAULKNER: *The Marble Faun* and *A Green Bough*. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

*The Marble Faun* (1919), first book of verse, was published by the Four Seas Company (the firm in 1921 at the expense of the poet's friend and patron, Phil Stone). They were the poems of youth. Stone wrote in his introduction: "One has to be at a certain age to write poems like these." It is tempting to say that one has to be at the same age to read them, except that nowadays young men of twenty-two are not reading verses compounded of Victorian and Yeats. The poems are Faulkner's, and back again to Mississippi. His language included the usual things—sadness, frustration ("marble-bound"), and a terrible facility. *The Marble Faun* is album verse yearning to be King Lear.

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## SOAPY

FRANCIS PONGE: *Le Savon*. 128pp. 12fr. *Le Parti Pris*. 224pp. Paris: Gallimard. 5fr.

The last work to come from Mr. Ponge's industrious but reiterative pen was a study of Malherbe, or rather the voluminous bundle of notes he had made in preparation for a study of Malherbe, which had never been brought to completion in a settled form. His new publication (accompanied by a reissue of his short, but most famous, volume, *Le Parti Pris des choses*) is again a collection of notes all devoted to one subject, but this time the purpose is the creation of a prose poem. *Le Savon* might be subtitled "Prolegomena to a metaphysical treatment of the poetics of a piece of soap".

The more actively one approaches a piece of soap, the more lather it produces and, in the end, there is nothing left, neither soap nor lather; all has returned to the great anonymous chaos of the universe. Mr. Ponge's book is rather like this. He began tackling his soap in 1942, when the hardships of the Occupation made the humble tablet a longed-for, numinous object. He continued to turn it this way and that in jets of language until 1967, by which time he had exhausted it to the point of non-existence. The record of its dissolution is also an account of the contact between Mr. Ponge's consciousness and a fragment of the external world. If his book seems to be froth rather than substance, this may be because the purest essence of awareness is a constant sensation of failure. The soap may eventually disappear, but it is, in any case, irreducible to human

terms, like the chestnut-templed by Statius's melting on the road, follows his mother's line. As Mr. Ponge says, "the ultimate questions" for which the book's blurb supplies Mr. Dickey's answer are not to be solved with such broad and slovenly gestures. "The Shark's Parlour", a detailed account of shark-fishing, has a dense violence which is gripping simply because the described details are gripping; but given the insubstantial matter of many of the other poems, attention is easily distracted. Mr. Dickey has a talent, certainly, but one cannot endorse Wesleyan University Press's brash proliferation of such adjectives as "major" and "great" or the impertinent suggestion that he is a big man writing big poems. The fact that Mr. Dickey is 6ft. 3in. is a matter for his tailor.

Still, the critic has to ask whether *Le Savon* is more than a piece of soap, or whether it remains just a quiet recorder of the pathetic and the inconsequential. The poems in *Night Light* are undemanding notations; and if they get no louder applause than that, it is because they do not seem to expect it, unlike Mr. Dickey's more *bravura* efforts. James Tate uses some lines from a Donald Justice poem as an epigraph to one of his own, and he can indeed be seen as following, with even gayer inconsequence, the example Mr. Justice sets in "Dreams of Water" and "Poem to be Read at 3 a.m.". But Mr. Tate's own title poem, "The Lost Pilot", an elegy for his father killed during the Second World War, shows that in his early twenties he has gifts which may come to something more.

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## STRICTLY PERSONAL

WILHELM LEHMANN: *Sichtbare Zeit*. Gedichte aus den Jahren 1962 bis 1966. 46pp. Göttingen: Sigbert Mohr. DM.8.50.

This collection of new poems is the work of a distinguished poet who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on May 4 of this year. Its epigraph is in English, and the choice of those words by Louis MacNeice tells us something not only about Wilhelm Lehmann's love of English poetry, but also about the situation into which he has been forced by postwar developments in west German poetry: "... some idiot recently stated that rhyme in English poetry was now a thing of the past." Together with his close friend and associate Oskar Loerke—the younger poet, though he died more than twenty-five years ago—Wilhelm Lehmann was the initiator of a whole school of poetry which, however unfashionable now, did more than any other to bridge the gulf between the generations and create that measure of continuity without which German poetry could not have recovered as it did after 1945. This school has been damned by such labels as "the new nature poetry" or "glibly and facetiously 'the bog and moor' poets". But though "nature" has become a dirty word in certain literary circles, what is remarkable about so much of the best German—and not only German—postwar poetry is that the confrontation with nature remains indispensable and vital. This is true not only of poets like Günter Eich, Karl Krolow and Helmut Peuker

who at one time were close to Wilhelm Lehmann's school, but also of Paul Celan, Johannes Bobrowski and even of Hans Magnus Enzensberger, despite his sociological and political preoccupations and a sensibility seemingly urban and cosmopolitan. The relation to nature of such younger poets, it is true, tends to be dialectical, as distinct from Wilhelm Lehmann's tendency to see even human life and *specula naturae*; and the discarding of rhyme, except for satirical or parodistic effects, is only one of many formal and stylistic trends that have contributed to the neglect and isolation suffered by Wilhelm Lehmann in recent years.

Yet, in his own way, Wilhelm Lehmann is still a formal innovator; and since formal innovation is inseparable from what used to be known as the subject-matter or content of verse, his capacity to improvise new forms and rhythms in his eighties is all the more admirable. Rhyme remains essential to his poetry, as it was to much of Rilke's or Goethe's. He uses it as a means of discovering connections, correspondences, affinities, but also of creating order by the exercise of a kind of magic no longer acceptable to more sceptical generations. The label "nature poetry", however, seems very crude and inadequate in view of Wilhelm Lehmann's delicate response to the *milieu* of both human and non-human life. His celebration of the elements

and insects and birds but also of the "gear and tackle and trim" of civilization. His poem *London* (1964) shows a characteristically mysterious progression from a street musician with his old gram and jazz records to the Zoo, a South-east Asian owl, hence to *La Belle dame sans merci*, and so to the realm of timeless myths which are this poet's

dominant and constant theme. Many of the poems in *Sichtbare Zeit*, but also in Wilhelm Lehmann's previous collection *Die Kunst des Gedichtes*, combine a personal narrative with impersonal celebration. Both books will, therefore, yet another collection of his poems. *Collected Poems of Wilhelm Lehmann*. Translated by John Willett. London: Methuen. 1967. 128pp. 12fr.

It has long been an accepted commonplace that there is only one eighteenth-century French poet worth bothering about—André Chénier—in spite of Voltaire's reputation as a versifier and the contemporary fame of J.-B. Rousseau and Parny. Various scholars have felt from time to time that this collective condemnation must be wrong, just as they have found it hard to believe that the French tragedies of the eighteenth century should merit the total oblivion into which they fell after the Revolution. Can there be whole periods during which an art form survives and yet gives rise to no production of permanent value? Professor Finch would like to convince us that the first half of the eighteenth century saw the emergence

of personal property, governed by a ruler concerned to further the welfare and legitimate aspirations of his people. Such a nation would be able to defend itself with complete effectiveness against aggression, but would also be sufficiently enlightened never to engage in aggression itself. A collection of such liberal states would make a dynamic world. It is not clear (at least in this book) what chances Voltaire thought there would be in practice of avoiding collisions over their competing legitimate interests; but at least the prospect was much more encouraging than the historical record of conflicts caused by fanaticism, greed, and dynastic ambitions.

One of the many merits of Mr. O. R. Taylor's critical edition of *La Henriade* is that it clarifies the political significance of the poem. It has always been clear that Henri IV had a special appeal for Voltaire and his enlightened contemporaries as a paradigm of the just, benevolent and tolerant monarch; what now emerges is that when Voltaire's epic first appeared, as *La Ligue*, in 1723 it served to influence opinion in favour of the liberal tendencies of the Regent, and in particular to encourage support for the new policy of a Franco-British alliance (also favoured by George I) through the favourable picture of Elizabeth I and her assistance to Henri which is painted in the early cantos. The policy came to nothing much in the end, but Voltaire successfully appealed for support to George I in 1725, and on his arrival in London as an exile in the following year was able to organize a new subscription edition of the poem there under royal patronage, and launch himself in English society with considerable éclat.

It was not only as a piece of political propaganda that *La Henriade* set out to emulate the *Aeneid*. As Mr. Taylor shows, Voltaire followed Virgil quite closely in the structure of his poem and in many details; he also aspired to Virgil's reputation, to be remembered as the author of a major national epic enshrining a historical myth of some enduring significance. That he had failed in this aim was not necessarily apparent to his contemporaries; the work ran through some sixty editions during Voltaire's lifetime, and was much admired even by many who disapproved of its religious and political ideas. *La Henriade*, being the product of an eminently competent craftsman in verse,

does in fact carry the reader along with more ease than he nowadays expects; but Mr. Taylor wisely makes no attempt to rehabilitate Voltaire's poem beyond pointing out its superiority to many similar contemporary efforts. As he aptly puts it, "Des cinquièmes poétiques du passé, nul n'est plus mûr que celui du dix-huitième siècle." What he does instead is to give a thorough account of the views of Voltaire and his contemporaries on the nature of epic poetry, thus providing the necessary background against which the immediate success of *La Henriade* can be understood. For this and for the meticulous study of the poem's text, sources and influence, Voltaire scholars will be grateful.

Voltaire is also the chief concern of contributors to the two miscellanies (volumes XXXVII and XL). There is a useful survey by Jean A. Perkins of Voltaire's scientific interests in the latter part of his career (volume XXXVIII). Arnold Ages succeeds in adding something to the well-worn subject of Voltaire and the Old Testament, by analysing in

detail his debt to the contemporary Benedictine biblical scholar Augustin Calmet, who was at once the source of much of Voltaire's erudition and the butt of many of his attacks upon naive credulity (volume XLII). Of a number of papers relating to the *Henriade*, the most noteworthy is an attempt by D. R. Owen to find a major source for *Candide* in *Aménité* or *Nichollette* (volume XLII). There is evidence that Voltaire knew the medieval tale, and the narrative parallels revealed are certainly striking; but what weight can be given to such parallels in themselves? Scholars will differ, and some readers will feel that evidence can have a longer aim than Dr. Owen allows. There is welcome evidence in volume XLII that Voltaire's achievement as a stylist is beginning to attract more critical attention. T. J. Barling contributes a study of "The Literary Art of the *Lettres philosophiques*", which at least, and for the first time, surveys the ground systematically, even if the conclusions are not remarkable; and Jeanne R. Monty offers some concise but perceptive remarks on

## VOLTAIRE'S VIEWS AND VERSES

Edited by Theodore Besterman. Volume XXXVI: MERLE L. PERKINS: *Voltaire's Concept of International Order*. 342pp. Swiss fr. 45. Volume XXXVII: 177pp. Swiss fr. 26. Volumes XXXVIII, XXXIX and XL: Voltaire: *La Henriade*. Edited by O. R. Taylor. 762pp. Swiss fr. 100. Volume XLI: 360pp. Swiss fr. 50. Geneva: Institut et Musée Voltaire.

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the polemical function of the handling of vocabulary in the *Dictionnaire philosophique*. Much more work on these lines is called for if we are to arrive at an informed assessment of Voltaire as a literary artist.

Of the papers on topics other than Voltairean, the most substantial is Lionel Gossman's stimulating essay on "The Worlds of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*" (volume XLII). This is an analysis of the social and political significance of Rousseau's novel which is remarkable for its emphasis on the inadequacy, in Rousseau's own mind, of the world of Clarens as a solution to the problem of human society, and for its consequent interpretation of the whole work as tragic. It is still impossible to write interestingly about Rousseau without being controversial, and Professor Gossman's views will not suit all. But discussion of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is now conducted at a level of intellectual and artistic seriousness which would surprise the critics of an earlier generation who treated it as little more than a quarry for biographers.

## THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE

John Locke: *Two Treatises on Government*. Edited by Philip Abrams. 263pp. Cambridge University Press. £2.

It was once widely believed that John Locke always held the liberal political views for which he is famous. Locke's Victorian biographer, Fox Bourne, upheld this belief on the basis of a manuscript. On the Roman commonwealth, which was written in 1661, the thirtieth year of Locke's life, and which expressed various sentiments of a distinctly liberal character. In 1914, however, the true author of this essay "On the Ruman Commonwealth" was identified as one Walter Moyle. Then in the 1940s, when the Lovelace Collection of Locke's papers was sent to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, new evidence of Locke's political opinions in his early manhood was brought to light. These opinions were revealed to be unequivocally authoritarian.

The most important pieces of evidence were two short treatises on the subject of the Civil Magistrate, one in Latin, the other in English. The contents of these treatises have been made public, in some detail, in the several books about Locke that have been published in the past twenty years; but it has been left to Dr. Philip Abrams, of Cambridge, to print the text of these works in full for the first time. His editorial work is impeccable, and the book is further adorned with an introductory essay in which Dr. Abrams traces the circumstances in which Locke came to put forward his authoritarian political views.

Locke himself provided no title for either of the essays, simply writing at the head of the English one "Question: Whether the Civil Magistrate may lawfully impose and determine the use of indifferent things in reference to Religious Worship." The Latin text has a rather similar question in Latin with the addition of the key word: *Affirmatur*. Dr. Abrams' invention of the title *Two Treatises on Government* may lead to some confusion between this work and the later classic work *Two Treatises of Government*. In truth the subject of these early writings is closer to another of Locke's later works, his *Letters on Toleration*. The name by which these early essays are known to most Locke scholars, that is, as the essays "On the Civil Mag-

istrate", might have suggested to Dr. Abrams a better title.

It is clear from the style of these manuscripts, and from some letters Locke wrote at the time, that he intended at least one of the essays to be published. Locke was prompted to write it by the appearance of a pamphlet entitled *The Great Question Concerning Things Indifferent in Religious Worship*, by Edward Bagshawe, who was, like Locke himself, a student of Christ Church, Oxford. A lively if reckless controversialist, who was to die an early death on bail from Newgate Prison, Edward Bagshawe was a fervent liberal; and Locke wrote his first pamphlet not to support him, but to attack him. The Restoration of Charles II had been a subject of unmitigated satisfaction to Locke; and in the year 1660 his chief concern, as he expressed it, was help in "disposing Men's minds to obedience to that government which has brought with it the quiet and settlement which our own giddy folly had put beyond the reach not only of our contrivance but hopes".

Bagshawe's pamphlet depicts the Christian order as one based on consent not constraint. But Locke, as Dr. Abrams points out, insists all the time on the necessity both of law and of obedience. Locke betrays an almost instinctive conviction that "the free use of indifferent things spells civil chaos". Locke sets out to show that the civil magistrate is authorized to determine the use of indifferent things in religious worship, and that the nature of this authorization gives the rulings of the magistrate a stronger obligation than those of individual conscience.

Locke offers first a Christian theory of authorization, that of the magistrate being authorized by God as an agent of the divine will, and secondly an argument, which Dr. Abrams aptly describes as Hobbesian, according to which the magistrate draws his authority from the people, in the sense that his will compels and reconstitutes the wills of all his subjects. Dr. Abrams is not, however, among those scholars who detect in these early writings of Locke a heavy influence of Hobbes. His

## PROTESTANT PROTEST

SÉBASTIEN CASTELLION: *Convaincu à la France Désolée*. Preface and notes by Marius P. Valkhoff. 78pp. Geneva: Librairie Droz. 10fr.

Intolerance breeds intolerance, and when in 1562 a harmless Protestant congregation was massacred by Catholic troops at Wassy, there was to be no more turning the other cheek. War broke out and lasted intermittently for thirty years, combining the horrors of civil strife with the bitterness of religious bigotry. In this inflamed situation many, like Ronsard, deplored violence in itself, but ended by resigning themselves. Few, if any, on the Protestant side spoke out for sanity and peace, and none with the vigorous dignity of

Sébastien Castellion. In this pamphlet, published after the outbreak of war, already revolted by the burning of Servetus (1553), he condemned the new tyranny of Geneva no less than the old one of Rome, and put forward arguments as cogent as they are noble in favour of free liberty of conscience and an end to emotive words like "heretic". Few (perhaps no more than four) copies of the pamphlet survived official measures, and it fully deserves republication four centuries later—not only as a reminder of a bygone age.

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METHUEN



## CRIMEAN BACKGROUND

OLIVE ANDERSON: *A Liberal State at War*. 306pp. Macmillan. 42s.

**OUND**

Again, when mentioning the "Last Times" idea taken up by numerous preachers, the author tends to assume that those who heard them would accept the purport of their sermons. That, surely, can neither be proved nor disproved. The imprecision of the information has been ignored and imprecision of thought has taken its place. Radical weakness and diversity, government tardiness, the slow-acting aspects of economic warfare—all can be understood, misused by the context

misdirection of thought has taken its place. Radical weakness and diversity, government tardiness, the slow-acting aspects of economic warfare—all can be understood, provided the contexts are made clear. Yet nowhere is this really done. Starting with a curious concept of the war one later admitted to be open to question—the book lurches on interestingly but infuriatingly through its varied and stimulating topics.

Many good things are, however, to be found in its pages. The best come in the chapters on the Radical organizations and finance. Few will have known as much about the Administrative Reform Association, the anti-centralization movement, and the National Movement as is now offered them. Urquhart, the founder and leader of the last-named organization, emerges in an especially revealing way. The strange mixture of proto-fascism and latter-day economical reform is well worth further study. Another admirable feature is the cutting down to size of the Peebles. Gladstone, quite rightly, loses much face, and recent

mapassons on his 1833 budget should be discarded at once. Then, too, complicated financial matters are explained with a truly splendid lucidity, though the confusion between concepts and their application somewhat mars the sections on blockade. With the isolated treatment of specialized subjects very little fault can be found. On bigger, more generalized themes, though, the situation is different. Before writing another book, Mrs. Anderson should develop more awareness of causation and perspective.

JAC WELLER: *Wellington at Waterloo*. 264pp. Longmans. £3 3s.

emphasis. He speaks highly, for instance, of the Nassauers under Saxe-Weimar who held the left flank and have not often been given much credit, and he agrees entirely with Fortescue in holding that it was Gneisenau's pathological hatred of Wellington that was responsible for the late arrival of the Prussians, which might so easily have spell disaster.

ARTHUR BUGLER: *H.M.S. Victory: Building, Restoration and Repair*  
382pp. H.M.S.O. £8.

and thus revealing to what extent his dispositions he made were wise—otherwise. What Napoleon anybody else was thinking is rigidly excluded, and the book has therefore almost a Jamesian quality that its action takes place within the mind of a single observer, and the observer the eventual victor.

PIERRE ROUSSEAU: *The Limits of Science*. Translated by  
Newell. 186pp. Phoenix House. 45s.

The original *Victory* was built for the vessel in 1759. Her profile, stern and bow (with the open galleries which were removed during her repair of 1833), her decks, boats, and the standard and running rigging.

Nothing so elaborate has been depicted before; nothing larger than reasonably be looked for, even in model-makers who depend on detailed information as is here given for the faithfulness of what they reproduce.

Mr. Bugler's, as a structure, is the account of the largest ship of her kind now in existence, as is full a model well be, and amply does need. There is even a glance at *Victory's* operational history, though this gives cause for a veritable grumble. Rear-Admiral Boscawen is mentioned as one who flies his flag in her, but what is omitted is any reference to his exploit as Captain of the *Victory* in the *Redoubt* in 1781 when, commanding

must be said at once that, in the light of this special treatment, the Duke emerges with his colours flying higher than ever.

Mr. Weller, who has already given us a detailed account of the Peninsula War (*Wellington in the Peninsula*, London, 1962) is an American military historian, the Honorary Curator of the West Point Museum and an authority on firearms. His book has primarily been written, as he says, "for young officers and others who want to know what did happen, with as few additional words as possible about what I think ought to have happened". It is, to this extent, a text-book, and, to this extent, a hard reading. Though his admiration of Wellington is very great, his pages are not emotionally lack the brio which the three, or four pages on which Philip Guedalla deals with Waterloo, nor a book then, perhaps, for the general reader, but one which

hectic controversies of early-Tudor England (introduced by such melodramatic chapter headings as "Medieval Twilight," "The Odorous Despair," "Sin and Schism," "Rage in Heaven" and the like) in which he reveals that he is on less familiar ground than the later sixteenth century. Mr. Smith settles down to his main theme, relating the story of the rise and fall of Elizabeth I, a clear understanding and awareness of the currents and cross-currents of political and religious controversy, and a lively interest and appreciation of human personality as revealed in the leadership of that society. His narrative moves swiftly and smoothly towards the climax of the age. This is a work which will win strong support from readers already familiar with the author's approach to historical narrative (it is the second of his books to win the approval of the Book

LACEY BALDWIN SMITH: *The Elizabethan Epic*. 286pp. Cape. 35s.

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and wasteful little units of production from the early factories should arouse such anger in modern industrial historians.

The fact that the latest volume of the *Biographical Memoirs* of

is swollen to unusual size is partly accounted for by the need to include Sir Winston Churchill. His interest in science, though unprofessional and unfettered save by Lord Cherwell, was genuine, and the Royal Society has always had a place for such as he. Lord Nuffield is another of the Fellows commemorated whose contribution to science was in the real-

The twenty-six other Fellows

marked upon scientific development. The first place is taken, and not merely alphabetically.

by Sir Edward Appleton, investigator of the ionosphere, but perhaps the name best known to the

general public is that of J. B. S. Haldane. For the rest the reader is given by experts in their own fields a record of solid truth.







